

PINES
COMICS

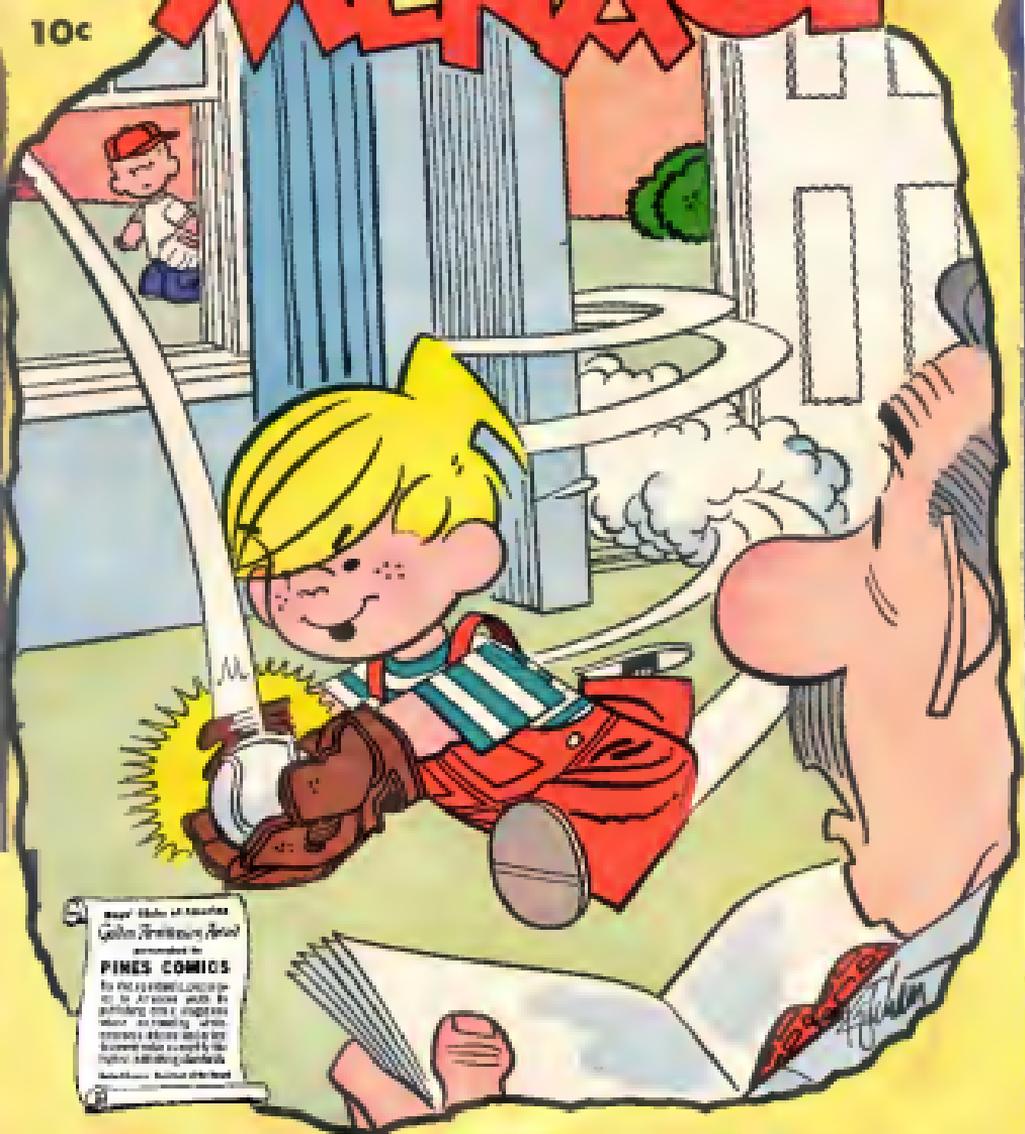
APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

No. 29

Dennis *The* MENACE



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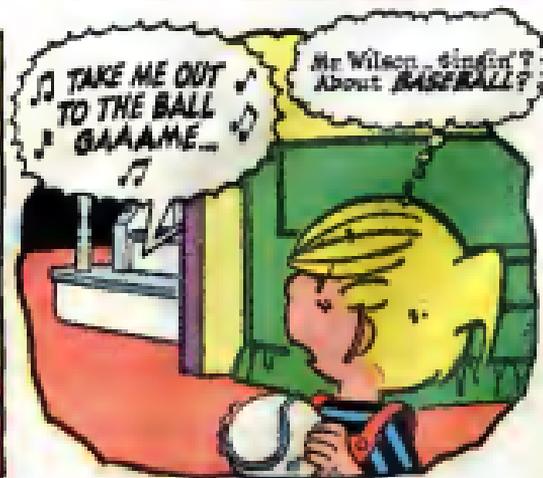
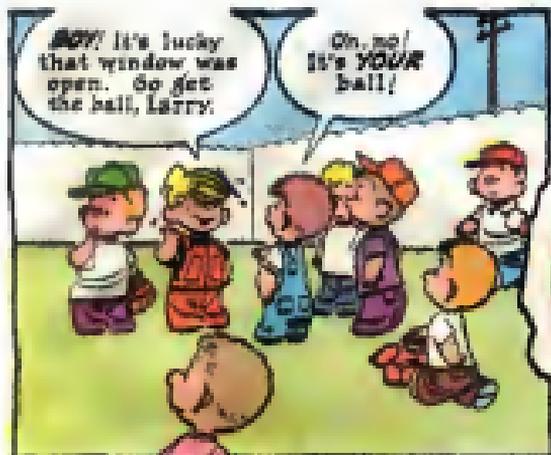


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A RUN HOME!



LOOK FOR THIS SEAL WHEN YOU BUY A COMIC MAGAZINE.
IT GUARANTEES QUALITY AND WHOLESOME ENTERTAINMENT.



Hi, Mr. Wilson!
I didn't know you
liked baseball!

NO!?!
Er...
well...

Hey, where *THAT*
funny-lookin'
guy?

That's
ME!

Yep.. I almost
got on the Blue
 Sox that year.

No
footin'!

GUNNER GEORGE,
they used to call
me. One season
I hit...

**HERE Y'ARE,
GUNNER!**

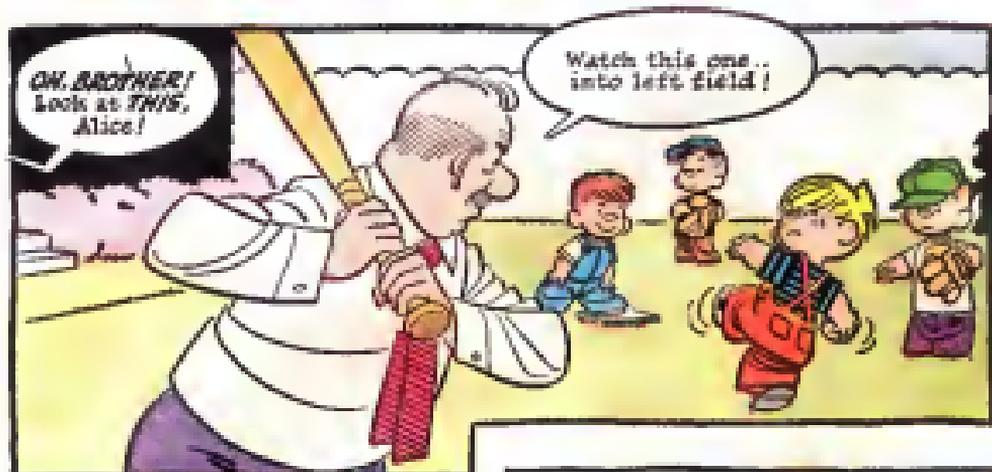
NO!?!

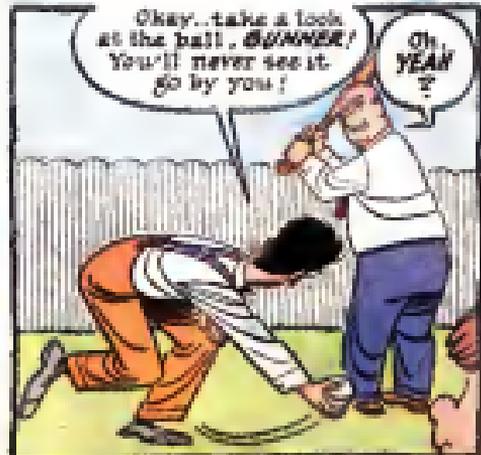
**SPROING!
TWANNG!**

TWOING!

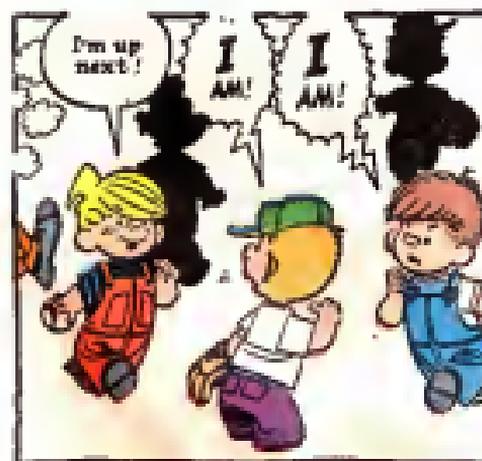
POW!

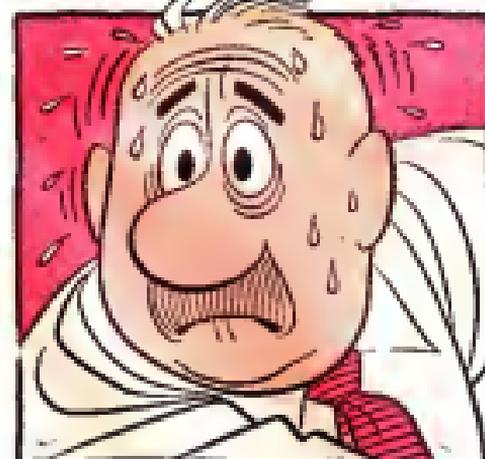




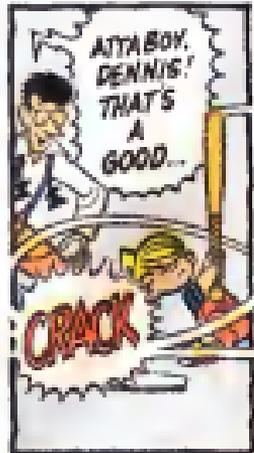












AYTAY BOY, DENNIS!
THAT'S A GOOD...

CRACK



Oh, oh!



There goes the ball...and the game!



CRASH!



I'll fix the window for you, George!

That's okay.

Then where are ya goin'?



The only place you ~~CAN~~ go when you've lost your old tooth... to the showers!

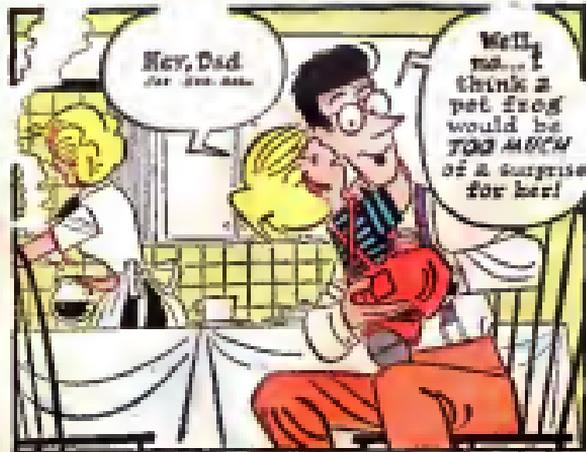
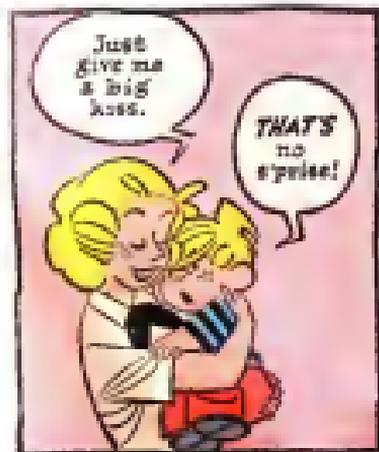
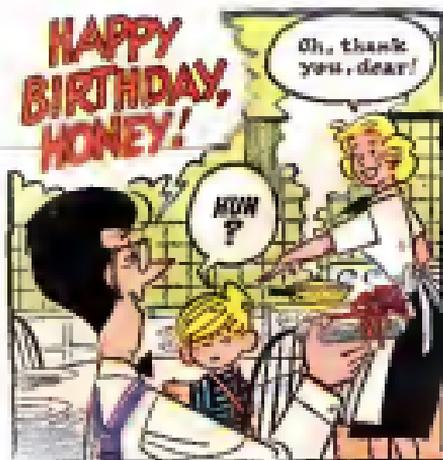


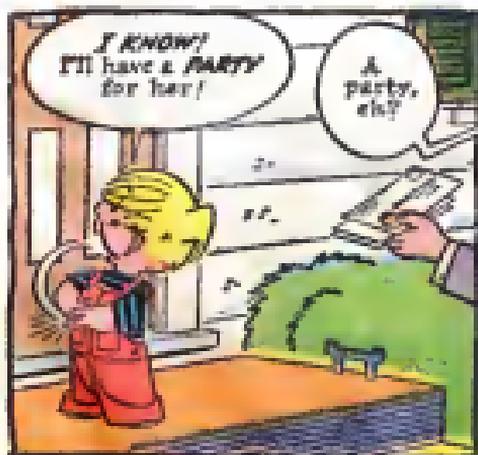
Gosh, he didn't look dirty to ME!

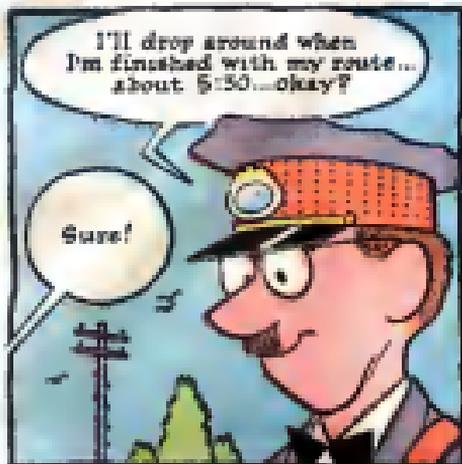
No, but he had a good idea there. Let's hit the bathroom.

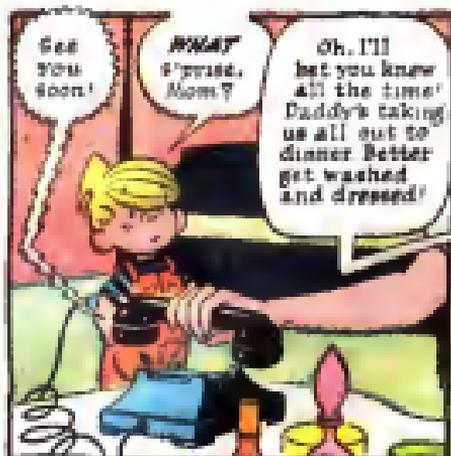
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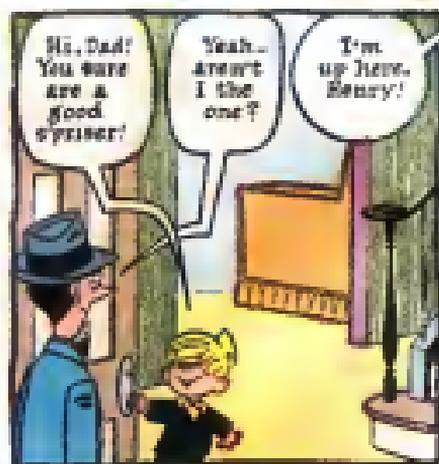
Blue BIRTHDAY!



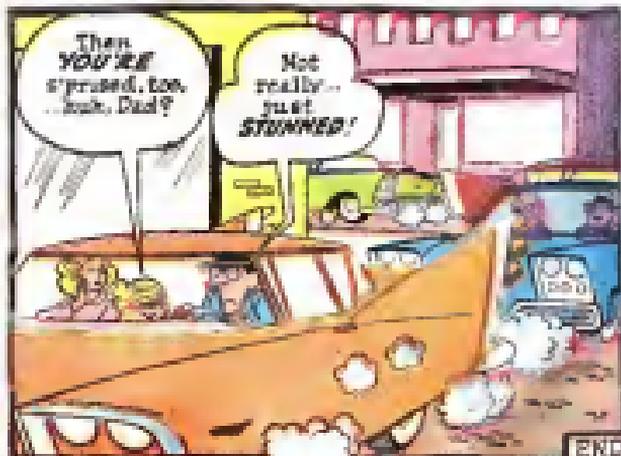








HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!



END



LUCKY



"PARDON ME, SIR!"

Surprised and pleased, Lucky Burke turned, smiling. At high school age, you aren't often called "sir."

But the man who had touched him on the shoulder in the hotel lobby wasn't smiling. He was a stocky man with quiet gray eyes and a firm mouth.

"Would you come this way, please?" he asked. "Someone would like to talk to you."

Swaggering a little, Lucky followed him across the lobby and into a room with an unmarked door. Inside, not a line of Lucky's face changed as a red-faced man got up from beside the desk and said boldly, "That's him! That's the young punk who took my wallet!"

"Wallet?" Lucky asked innocently. He pretended to search his pockets, then came out with his own wallet. "I'm sorry. There's been some mistake. I just have my own. Here, take a look."

He passed it over and watched, smiling, as the two men examined it. The man who had brought him from the lobby handed it back.

"I'm Mr. Regan, the security officer for the hotel," he explained. "Mr. Williams, here, is one of our guests. A few minutes ago, he was hurrying to catch a cab. When he got in the cab, he went to look in his wallet for the address he wanted, and his wallet was gone. Then he remembered that just inside the lobby he had bumped into a young man. Someone he says looks like you."



"It is him," the red-faced man cried. "He picked my pocket and threw the wallet away somewhere, after he took the money out! You saw how much money he had—over two hundred dollars! Where would a kid like him get so much money?"

"Yes, where?" the detective agreed. "Would you mind telling us, sir?"

Lucky shrugged. "I'm just lucky!"

"You're lucky! So you automatically get money, is that it?"

"You don't get it, Mister," Lucky told him. "I'm really lucky. I was born on Friday the thirteenth. I'm always winning games, or contests, or finding things—especially on the thirteenth. Thirteen is my lucky number. And today is..."

"Uh-uh," the detective said. "Today's the thirteenth."

"This is ridiculous!" Mr. Williams exploded. "I've just lost over two hundred dollars, I've missed my appointment, and you sit here talking about luck! I'm going to call the police!"

"Let's try to settle this here," the hotel detective said soothingly. "The hotel would appreciate as little trouble as possible, Mr. Williams." He turned back to Lucky, and his eyes narrowed.

"All right," he ordered. "What's your story? What are you hanging around the hotel for? And where did you get the money?"

"I'm waiting to take a friend of mine to lunch," Lucky said smoothly. He glanced at the clock on the wall. "He gets off at twelve-thirty. Maybe you know him—Tom Lorenz. He's running an elevator here during his vacation. Needs the money for his folks."

Regan frowned. "Lorenz? Yes, I know Tom. A nice, polite boy—good worker. I never thought he'd be mixed up with someone like you!"

"Who's mixed up?" Lucky demanded. "We go to school together. He works in the summer, and I take it easy. That's all. Once in a while I take him to lunch, sometimes to a movie."

"Because you're lucky, and he has to work, is see. All right, then, where did you get the money?"

"A man gave it to me to deliver something—an envelope—upstairs."

"Two hundred dollars?" the detective said. "Just to deliver an envelope? You really are lucky! Who was this man, and whom did you deliver the envelope to?"

"I never saw the man before. He was just an ordinary guy in the lobby. And I didn't see the man upstairs. He had all the shades in the room down, no lights on."

"Well, what room was it?"

Lucky grinned. "I happened to remember that! It was 1312."

The detective leaned back in his chair. "You really are lucky," he repeated. "Two hundred dollars just to deliver an envelope to a room with your lucky number—13! Any way of proving this—and when it happened?"

"Sure?" Lucky said easily. "Tom Loomis took me up to the floor. I noticed by the clock in the lobby that it was just a minute or two before twelve. You know that clock—the one that hangs out the hours. I remember I was glad to get upstairs before it started all that racket."

"He's lying!" Mr. Williams accused. "Don't you see! He knows I was robbed just as the clock was striking! That's why he says he was upstairs then. The clock was striking twelve, and I turned to see where the chimes were coming from, and that's when he bumped into me!"

The detective picked up the phone. "Send in Tom Loomis, please. Right away." Then he turned back to Lucky.

"You're sure about that room number, are you? I can check with the occupant, you know?"

Lucky grinned confidently. "You won't get anything out of him! He'll probably say he never saw me before. What would you expect? He had all the shades down, no lights on. There was something fishy about him, that's for sure. He kept me talking for five or ten minutes, asking me what I did, if I wanted any more jobs like that. I could tell there was something wrong about him, so I said no. One job like that is enough for me."

The door opened behind him. "Hi, Tom!" he grinned at the tall, blonde boy who entered. "Ready for lunch?"

"Yes, I guess so, Lucky," Tom said. "But is anything wrong?"

The detective spoke up. "Your friend here has a little too much money, and Mr. Williams, one of our guests, has too little. Lucky says you took him up to the thirteenth floor to deliver an envelope."

"The thirteenth?" Tom said. "But . . ."

"That's right, Tom!" Lucky said quickly. "I told you about it being a lucky room—1312. And it was lucky! I got two hundred bucks for

the job. We can have a real lunch on that, eh? And that old jalopy you were looking at, maybe I can help you . . ."

"Don't try to bribe him!" the detective snapped. "He can't help you!"

"Come on, Tom!" Lucky pleaded. For the first time, there was an edge of fear to his voice. "Just tell them you took me up to thirteen, that's all!"

"I—I just can't, Lucky. Maybe I would if I could, but I can't!"

"That's true," the detective said. "He can't say he took you to the thirteenth floor, because there is no thirteenth floor!"

"You can't trick me that way!" Lucky snarled. "This hotel has twenty floors!"

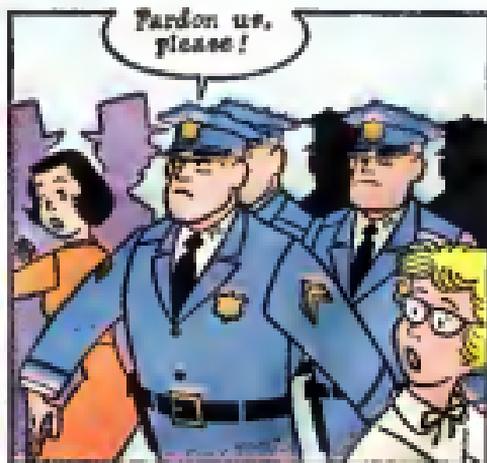
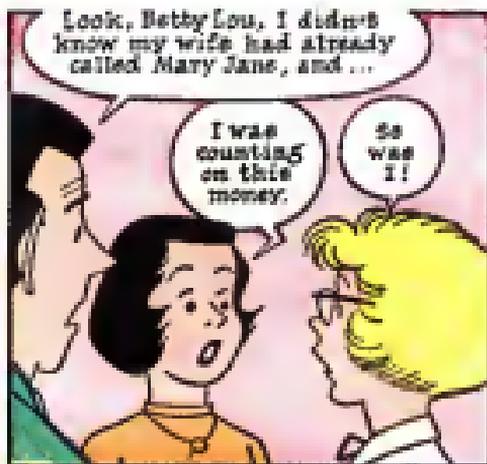
The detective smiled grimly. "Twenty floors, yes, but no thirteenth floor. You see, most people aren't lucky, like you, about the number thirteen. They're superstitious about 13, and very few people would stay in a room with the number you dreamed up—1312. That's why, in all big hotels, the rooms on the floor above the twelfth floor are numbered in the 1400's! As far as room numbers go, there just isn't any thirteenth floor!"

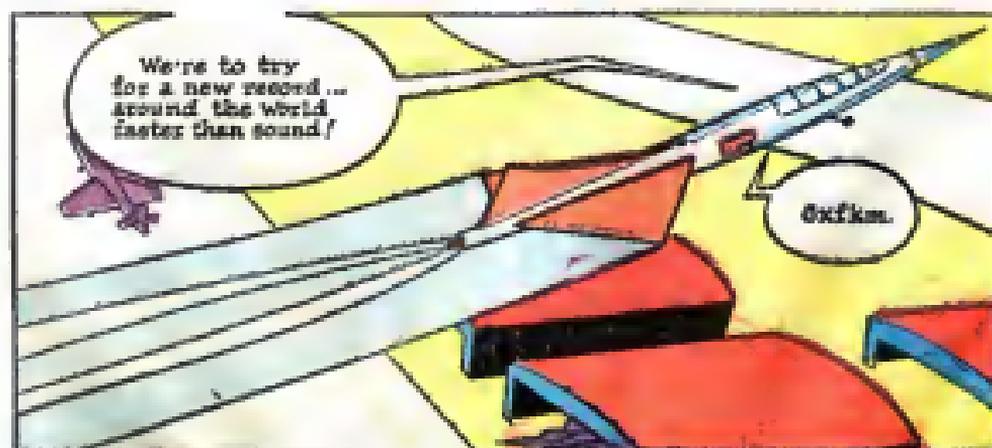
"Gosh, I'm sorry, Lucky," Tom said. "You see, I just couldn't have helped you, even if I wanted to!"

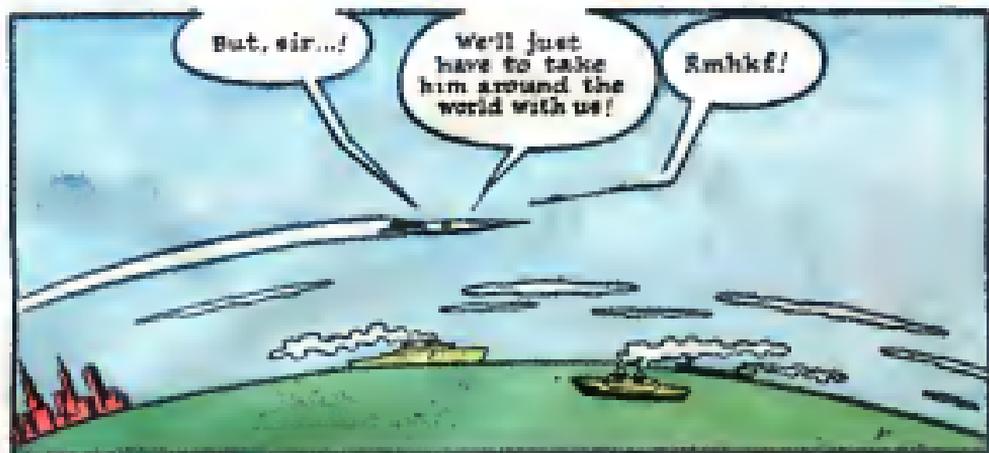
"We'll find someone to help him!" the detective said, reaching for the phone. "It may take a year or two, but it may convince him that you can't always trust to luck!"

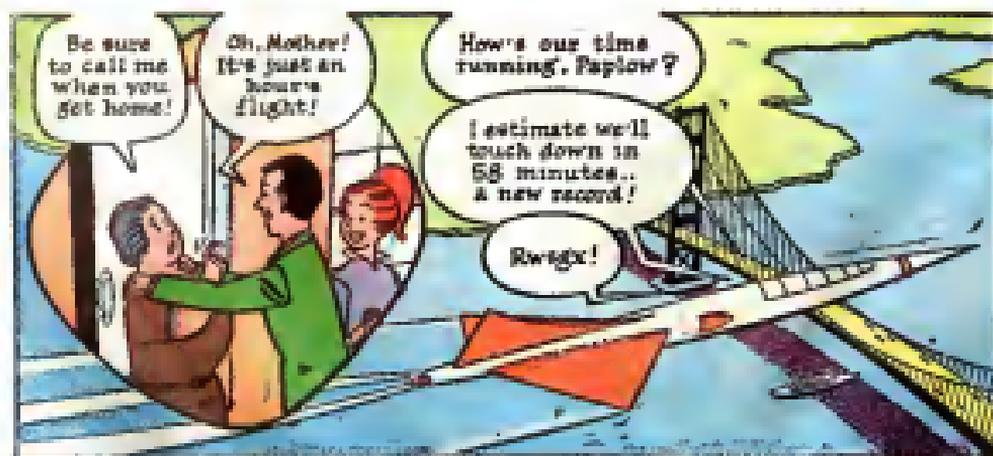
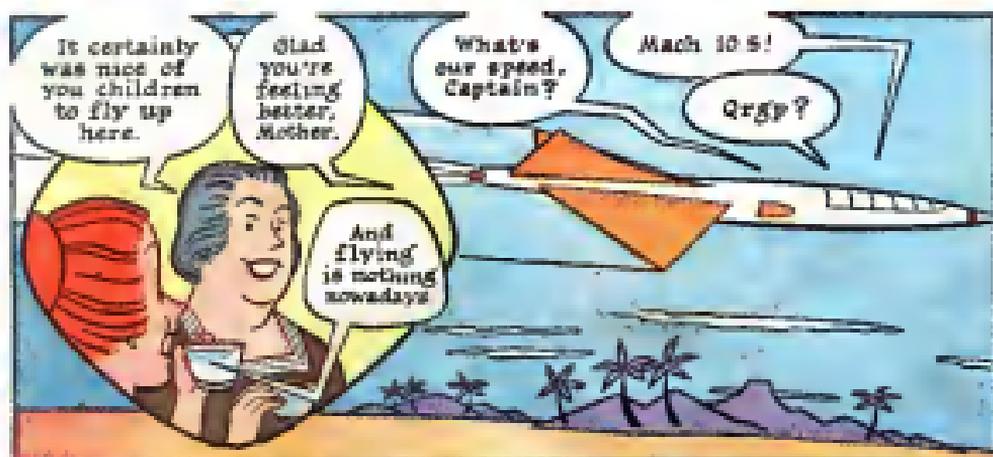


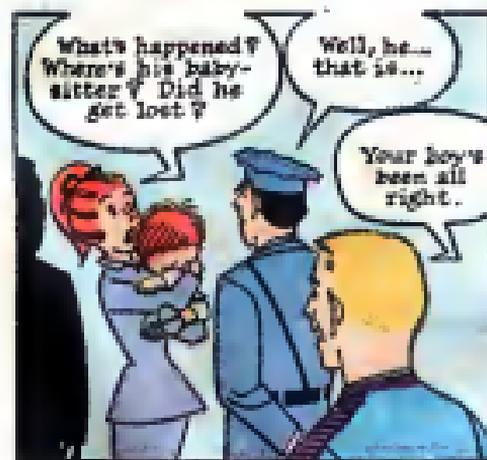
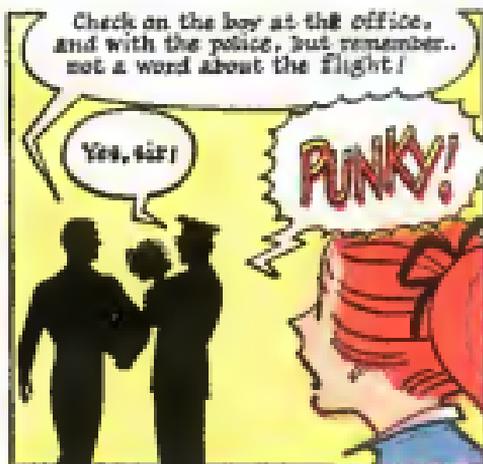
punky











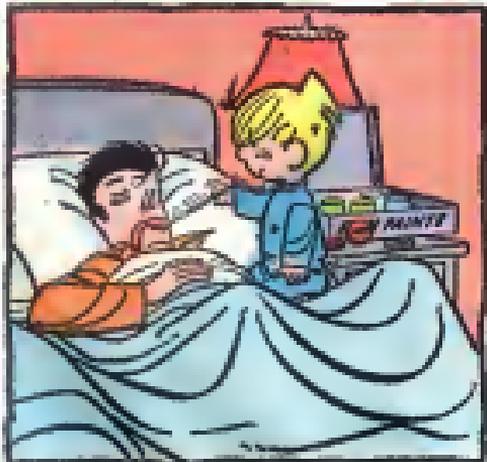
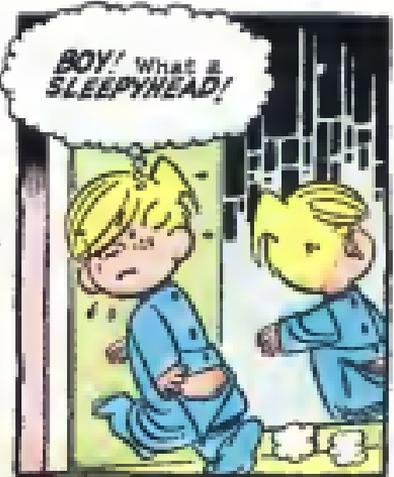
**C'MON! GET YOUR
CRAYONS OUT... LET'S
GO!**



"STOP WORRYIN', DAD. I HAVEN'T EVEN DECIDED
WHAT I'M GONNA *DO* WITH 'EM YET!"

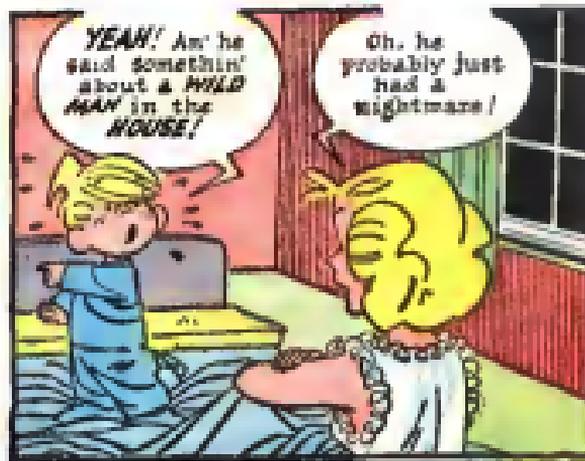
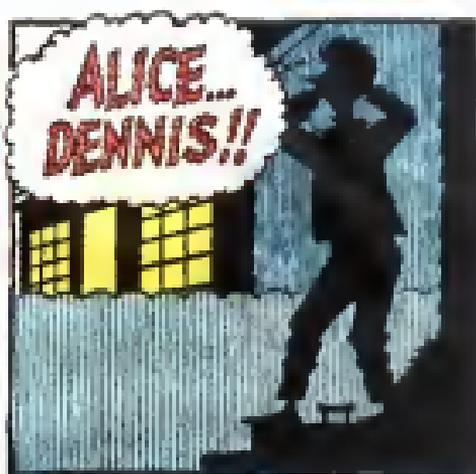
RUNNING WILD!

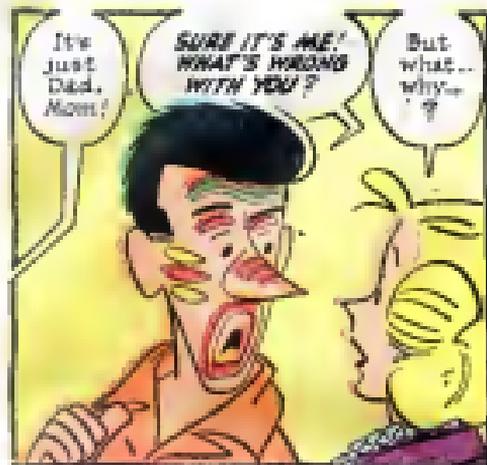












Dennis THE MENACE



"IF THAT'S MR. WILSON... HE'S NOT TRICKY!"



"FOR WHAT? TO BORROW A CUP OF SUGAR, AND TO USE TO BORROW SOMETHING ALREADY BAKED?"



"YOU CAN DROP YOUR HAND, SORRY THIS IS JUST A PARKING TICKET."



"BUT I KNOW I WAS THE TALL! THEN WOULD GET AND GOY WANT TO END!"

